



Whitsun Monday.

A New SONG.

IT was on Whitsun-Monday,
The day appointed was,
I was low down in the bottom,
To meet a bonny lass;
And I myself a bonny lad,
To bear her company,
And tis low down in the broom,
She's waiting there for me.

I turn'd myself quite round about,
To see what I could see,
At length I spy'd my own true love,
Come wandering near to me;
I kindly took her by the hand,
And gave her kisses three,
And tis low down in the broom,
She's waiting there for me.

I took her round the middle so small,
And gently laid her down,
These were the words that she did say,
As she lay on the broom;
Do what you will, kind, sir, she said,
Tis equal unto me,
For little does my mamma know
That you're in the broom with me.

My father is a miser,
He will give me no gold,
My mother she is a scolding dame,
She does the house controul;
But I do love a bonny lass,
Until the day I die,
And tis low down in the broom,
He waits there for me.

I took her by the lilly white hand,
And said, my own sweetheart,
Since you and I have toge her met,
I hope we ne'er shall part;
But we will go and marry'd be,
Like others in the town,
With all my heart, my dear, she said,
Farewel to the bonny broom.